

Northern Nanny,

Or : the lovi ng Lasses lamentation.

In this same Sonnet she doth plain discover
The true affection of a faithfull Lover,
Wailing his absence since by fortune cruel
She was deprived of her dearest Jewel,
Which may a pattern to all lovers be
To take example by this maiden free.

Tune of, *In January last, &c.*



O *Easter Monday last*
when Ladds and Lasses play
As o' the green I past,
near upon time of the day,
I heard a pensive Maiden mourn
tears trickling down amain,
Quoth she alas why was I born
to live in mickle pain.

Why did my love depart
and leave me here alone,
To wail and break my heart
with making of my moan,
The marble rocks with me lament
sin e I hate 'oll my dea-
As if with me they wold e neant
to drow me in aul tear.

You Lasses of the North
come hear me tell my tale,
Whilst I the praise set forth
of him for whom I wail,
Come sit ye down upon this green
and patiently give ear,
A true description I will gibe
of him I love so dear.

He hath a pleasant countenance
and eke a rolling eye,
Like charms of love ligs in his face,
will make a maiden dye,
His comly person finely made
well shipt in every part,
That charming language to per wade
the most obdurate he art,

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When first it was my chance
his person for to view,
Each look and smiling glance
my love it would renew:
I thought my self the happiest lass
when I his love did win,
For all the treasure of the earth
I valued not a pin.

True love on either side
did in our hearts take place,
But this our joy and happiness
did last but little space:
For fortune she was always blind
and crosses lovers true,
And that's the reason that I find
I now have cause to rue.

Our Daddys and our Mommys beech
to us did cruel probe,
And would not let us wedded be
but sought to break our love,
Which made my love and I lament
things falling out so cross,
So that for travel he was bent
which grieves me for his loss.

To cross the Seas he now is gone
his sorrow to all wage,
And left poor harmless me alone
in this my tender age,
My love sick heart is fill'd with woe
which causeth me to mourn,
Whither shall poor Nanny go
until my love return.

In mans attire I'll venture
to find my love again,
Amongst the Strangers I will go
through *Holland, France, and Spain*;
No hardship shall a burden be
my chance I'll never rue
To let my love at liberty
my fancy I'll pursue.

O in some noble man of War
as Cabbins-Boy I'll go,
To find my love in countrys far
to ease me of my woe,
Was ever harmless lass so cross
and so with love perplexed.
For fear my Johnny should be lost
I am so grieved and vexed.

My fathers frown I will not fear
nor mothers anger mind,
Since they have made me lose my dear
by being so unkind,
If they had granted their consent
how happy had we been,
To pass the time in merriment
amongst the leaves so green.

But now alas it is too late
and all my hope is vain,
My sorrow it will not abate
till he return again,
Unless I from my love do hear
within a little space,
Through deserts will my course I'll steer
to find a resting place.